

THE CLIMAX

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

NUMBER 24.

VOLUME I.

THE CLIMAX.

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CLIMAX PRINTING CO.

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FRENCH TIPTON, EDITORS.

W. G. WHITE,

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The Court of Appeals has overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of William Patterson, convicted of the murder of Miss Jennie Bowman, in Louisville. The action of the court will be certified to the Governor, whose duty it becomes to fix the day of execution.

Lexington is making an effort to secure the machine shops of the Cincinnati Southern railroad which would claim to have already secured.

The shops employ a force of five hundred men, an acquisition which would prove valuable to either of the points offering them a location.

There is a movement on foot at Lexington, looking to the building of a railroad to Lawrenceburg, to connect the Bluegrass capital with the Louisville Southern railroad. The distance between Louisville and Lexington would thus be made twenty miles shorter than via Frankfort.

Newark, N. J., has 500 Anarchist residents whom the police are quietly locating so as to be able to lay their hands upon them in case of trouble. The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Anarchist organ of Newark, advises the authorities to prosecute and hang the leaders as the surest way of advancing the cause of Anarchy.

The *Boston Record* sent a party of ten young men and two young women to attend and alleged spiritual seance presided over by Mrs. Herman B. Fay. The result was that when the spirit of a Gypsy girl appeared one of the newspaper party caught her another lighted the chandelier while another threw open the shutters, letting the sunlight into a hitherto darkened room, and lo! the Gypsy girl was a very angry woman, known as Mrs. Herman B. Fay. Her manager kicked vigorously and swore a little, but he had to return the \$1 admission fee to all, and the Record printed the story of the fraud.

S. J. Greenbaum was fined \$1,500 in the Woodford Circuit Court for "surfing still slops and oil" from his distillery and the master is now before the Court of Appeals. Pending a decision by the trial court, Greenbaum applied to the Governor for a remission of the fine, which was refused, the Executive holding that "it would be improper to interfere with the legal proceedings.

The courts were established for the investigation of such questions. The case is now before the highest tribunal and no facts have been adduced to justify Executive action at this time.

A CHINESE HOSPITAL.

One of the Most Popular Native Institutions of Shanghai.

In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai there stands a hospital for forty years a free native hospital, mainly supported by the European community.

Very large and well built, it looks at first sight like a European hospital, but inside there is no account of the name, which is the milk business, Mr. Yellor? — N. Y. Star.

Stories of fabulous wealth come from Prescott, Arizona, where the richest gold mines ever known have been discovered. The ore is said to average \$1,000 a ton, and thousands of tons are already in sight. The precious metal clings to the rocks in such abundance that a man can scale off a fortune with a pocket-knife in a short time. People are already flocking to the scene of the treasure.

A resume of the fishery business for the year ending October, 1887, has been prepared at Gloucester, Mass. Four hundred and seventy-four vessels are owned in the district, against 485 last year. Seventeen vessels were lost, with 137 men, who leave sixty wives and sixty-one fatherless children. In addition to those lost with their vessels, forty-one other seamen have met death by drowning or accidents.

Mr. Charles E. Kincaid the Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Times*, who for the past six months has been here, has returned to Washington. During his absence he is the author of the *Conter-Journal* and the stories enjoyed Judge Kincaid's letters descriptive of life as he saw it in the Old World. He returns in good health, and will once resume his regular work for the Times in Washington.

PARRISH & TURNER, Attorneys at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Special attention given to abstracting titles to lands in Eastern Kentucky.

Office in CLIMAX building, S. E. Corner Main and Second Streets, up stairs, corner of Main and Second Streets, RICHMOND, KY.

Office: Second street, over Main Street, on First Street, June 22nd to June 22nd.

E. T. BURNAM, Attorney at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Office with C. F. & A. R. Burnam, on First Street, June 22nd to June 22nd.

J. A. SULLIVAN, Attorney at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Office in First street, same as formerly occupied by County Judge Miller. Oct. 1st.

T. J. SCOTT, Attorney at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Office on Second Street, June 22nd to June 22nd.

C. S. POWELL, Attorney at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Office on Second Street, June 22nd to June 22nd.

A. J. REED, Attorney at Law, RICHMOND, KY.

Will practice in Madison and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

Office in Master Commissioner's office, over Circuit Clerk's office. June 22nd to June 22nd.

SEEDS. GRASS AND FIELD.

Largest and most complete stock in central Kentucky. Our price: Best Seeds and lowest constant prices.

P. CARROLL, 7 and 9 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky. June 22nd to June 22nd.

REAL ESTATE — AND INSURANCE.

J. SPEED SMITH, Agent, RICHMOND, KY.

Fells, rents or exchanges all kinds of real estate on reasonable terms, and represents first-class Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

Office in J. C. Lyter's Clothing Store, June 22nd to June 22nd.

Do you want pure drugs and the best brands of tobacco and cigars? You can find them at J. J. Brooks.

Ask your physician to leave your prescription at White's Drug Store. It will be accurately compounded and sent to your house.

White's Drug Store, June 22nd to June 22nd.

It is now getting to be so cheap that almost any fool can reach out for her hand and get it. The brazen-faced hulks who threw the pane-cake into Mrs. Cleveland's lap at the St. Louis fair, is now being exhibited as

Print Shows through

GOOD PENMANSHIP.

Teacher's Views on Good Writing and What It Must Include.

Prof. D. T. Ames, in a lecture before the Institute of Accountants of the City of New York, comments as follows on what constitutes a good business hand:

"Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.—*Popular Science*.

"Then you don't like hash?" said the handily sternly. "I don't object to hash," exclaimed the boarder, "it's rehash I kick at."

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THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPTON, WM. G. WHITE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

Congress will convene next week.

The CLIMAX from now until January 1st, 1889, \$1.50.

The Prohibitionists were defeated in Atlanta on last Saturday.

Nearly \$7,000 has been subscribed for a Democratic Club house in Lexington.

One woman and two men were killed in a fight in Indian Territory on last Sunday.

Charles Kibler, committed suicide in Cincinnati because he had been found short in several trust accounts in sums aggregating \$17,500.

The Indianapolis Journal, Republican, says that Blaine can not carry Indiana, since dismissing his libel suit against the Sentinel on the grounds that he could not get justice in the courts of that State.

One of the best appointments yet made in this Internal Revenue district is that of Capt. W. Sam Miller, of Lancaster, to succeed L. D. Baldwin, deceased. Capt. Miller will take charge tomorrow, and it goes without saying that the business will be kept in the best of shape.

WHY DON'T YOU BOMB THE TOWN?

This is a question that we are often asked. Parties see papers from elsewhere containing voluminous articles on the advantages and general attractions of their respective towns, and think that THE CLIMAX is sure to perceive it. The CLIMAX is bound to perceive it, and it goes without saying that the business will be kept in the best of shape.

"Why don't you write up Richmond?" is a problem that has been time and again propounded. The answer is not brief, but conclusive. First, the people of Richmond and Madison county, and those just over the line in adjoining counties, know as well as we what there is in Richmond. To those people, and those only, does THE CLIMAX go, except scattering individuals in different parts of the country who formerly lived here; and those last mentioned also know what Richmond has to recommend it. Now to write up Richmond and its advantages for the people above specified would be idle in the extreme. They are here, or have been here, and know full well in advance the merits of the place. If any of these people, who may not live in Richmond, desire to leave their farms, or business in a village, an I remove to Richmond, they will do so, as soon as they can find a residence for sale, or can buy a lot and build one. There is already as much business here as the patronage will justify, and any man who comes here and locates in business, must buy out some man already here, or divide the now moderate patronage. There are a few men who can afford to live in Richmond and continue farming, and scattered about are others who will come to Richmond to educate their children, and those two classes are all that Richmond can expect.

"Oh, but why don't you print a large number of extra copies and send them out to all parts of the North and East to capitalists and emigrant agencies?" is the way to reach the people? is asked in the reply to our answer set forth above.

There are two reasons why we do not. The first is that we are not more interested in boozing the town than any body else. We do not propose to expend hundreds of dollars in sending out extra copies, while others are to reap the reward. The second reason is that there is nothing to induce immigration. Richmond must have factories before she can have a perceptible increase in population, and she can not have factories so long as she has but one railroad. Factories require raw material and a market, and the freight is always too high in a one-railroad town to allow a factory in that town to compete with other factories. What could a factory in Richmond do? It must pay four or five times as much for coal and raw material as other factories, and would then have to prepay freight to Louisville and Cincinnati in order to compete with the outside world. Take Frankfort as an example. Were it not for the competition afforded a part of the year by the Kentucky River, the factories in the Penitentiary could not exist. Every hundred pounds of freight they ship by way of Louisville, a distance of about 65 miles, costs 15 cents, and that has to be paid by the Penitentiary in order to compete with Louisville and other factories. That same freight is carried to New Orleans, Pensacola and other points, eight hundred miles away, for 72 cents. A car of freight from Boston to Lexington costs little more than it does from Lexington to Frankfort.

Richmond must have another and competing railroad before it can have factories, and it must have factories before it can have an increase in population. That's why we don't boom the town.

IN MANITOBA.

TIP.

It was near the middle of September that I found myself one Sunday morning at the village of Barnesville on the vast plains of north Minnesota, where the sky and grass seem to meet all around you; though at the respectful distance of twenty or thirty miles away, Tennyson said of the Light Brigade, "cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them, cannons in front of them," and the Barnesville can say the same of grass with a broad posterior appendage. Herds of cattle wandered in the distance, and at

intervals a boulder loomed up like a huge doghouse to break the flat, grassy monotony. From whence came these boulders, the good Lord in his infinite wisdom only knows. The people of Barnesville have cause to appreciate Gray's Elegy. When "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," about nightfall, "the world is left solely to them and darkness, for except the occasional boulder and the grass, there is nothing else.

A prolonged, deep-toned sort of hog-horn sound came floating in on the balmy morning air, and I felt as I imagined Enoch Arden did when he heard the rescuing party, after his years of solitary stay on the island. Had a blizzard been "on," I could have appreciated the feelings of Lieutenant Greeley in the Arctic regions.

The sound proceeded from a passenger train on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway; and by the time the train reached the village, I was up and ready to go. What was I doing there? Why, I stopped the evening before, rather than travel all night through one of the finest countries in the world which I wished to see by day. Travel on Sunday? Yes, rather than sit about the village knowing no one and swearing because I had to wait for Monday. There was Scott, one of the finest conductors in the world, and he said he was ready and willing to carry me right through to the British possessions—over into Canada, the resort, summer and winter, for certain gentlemen from the United States, and that particular division called Manitoba, where the Blizzard is born and grows to marvelous perfection.

So away we went, like Fontaine Fox Bobbit's minnows, "whooping and yelling" down the great Red River valley, through wheat fields of vast acres, without intervening tences to mark where one leaves off or the other begins. No trees, briars, weeds or ravines—one green wheat field more than a hundred miles long and twenty-five miles broad, to say nothing of the counterpart of the valley on the other side of the river in Dakota. But I have heretofore told you about the famous "Red River of the North," and its world-competing wheat.

The principal newspaper of Emerson is the International, owned and edited by Hon. C. S. Douglas, member of the Legislature. He is a most courtly and cultured gentleman. I asked him about the blizzards, for which Manitoba is noted. He says they hatch out somewhere up in the far Northwest and come careening along down through Manitoba into the United States. I imagine that you are to go ever so far into the Northwest, the people will refer you to some farther point—Alaska or Behring's Strait, or perhaps the River for the origin. The blizzard is a sudden, violent storm attended by a falling thermometer that never stops short of the bottom below zero.

Next time I shall tell you of Winnipeg, the railroads that run on 24-hour time, and numerous other live and odd things.

NOMINATIONS FOR SHERIFF AND CORoner IN ESTILL COUNTY.

At a meeting of the Democrats of Estill county, at the Court house in Irvin, Monday, Nov. 21, 1887, pursuant to notice by Democratic County Committee, John D. Winn, Chairman, called the meeting to order, and stated its object to nominate a candidate for Sheriff and Coroner to be voted for at the August election, 1888. Robert Fluty was chosen chairman and J. B. White Secretary. A committee consisting of Robert Riddell, W. W. Henderson, Gentry Walters, J. W. Vaughn, T. J. Hendry and A. G. Powell was appointed, who reported the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That having full confidence in the moral qualifications and integrity of Simpson R. Riddell, and James R. Hendry, we heartily recommend the former for Sheriff, and the latter for Coroner, to the Democracy of Estill county, to be voted for at the August election, 1888, and ask for him his services. Donations and all good citizens for said offices.

A lamp has more sense than some people. It is in a room where there are two souls with but a married thought it invariably goes out.—Yonkers Statesman.

Syrap of Figs

Is the delightful liquid laxative, and the only true remedy for habitual constipation and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is a pleasant remedy to take, both to old and young; it is gentle in its action and affective; it is acceptable to the stomach, and strengthens the organs on which it acts. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by Stockton & Willis.

The prettiest girl in Chicago weighs 300 pounds and has a fair lip. She is worth \$32,000,000.—Judge.

Do you know where White's Drug Store is?

The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.—Somerville (Mass.) Present National Administration.

3. The third preceding nomination is established as published in THE CLIMAX, Three Forks Enterprise and Stanton Monitor.

ROBERT FLUTY, Chairman, J. B. WHITE, Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FORMED.

Pursuant to call, a meeting of citizens was held in the Silver Creek church on Saturday, November 12th, at two o'clock P.M. The Madison County South Agricultural Society was then organized, and the following officers elected: President, I. H. Gerdy; Vice President, E. D. Mitchell; Secretary and Treasurer, A. C. Hart. It was then voted to hold the first regular monthly meeting at Silver Creek church on Saturday, November 26th at one o'clock P.M. The following topics were selected to be discussed:

1. The culture of fruit trees, and their proper care during the winter months.

2. The raising of stock, and their proper care during the winter months.

Mr. S. G. Ashley to open the discussion upon the first topic, followed by general discussion.

The Madison South Agricultural Society, held its meeting on Saturday last at the Silver Creek church.

Considerable miscellaneous business was attended to, a constitution and by-laws adopted so that very little time was left for the discussion of the topics on the programme.

Mr. Orin Archer read a very interesting paper on "The raising of stock and the proper care of the same during the winter season." Owing to the lateness of the hour, further discussion was deferred, and it was decided to consider the same topics.—The raising and care of stock, the culture and care of fruit trees, at the next regular meeting of the Society, which will be held on the first Saturday in January. The Constitution provides for monthly meetings for the various topics pertaining to agriculture, for a quarterly meeting, when there will be a general entertainment, and for an annual fair during the first week in October, with several novel features, among which is an annual address upon agriculture, a dinner, &c. In the permanent organization the following officers were elected: President, I. H. Gerry; Vice-President, E. D. Mitchell; Secretary, Dr. Hostetter; Treasurer, A. C. Hart. A goodly number joined the Society, and an considerable enthusiasm was manifested during the meeting.

As I came out with Mr. Smith, I saw several strange-looking men wearing red uniforms, and I thought they were perhaps Emerson police, and that they were right after me. I was about to escape to Fort Penitentiary, and only the strong arm of Uncle Sam, but I discovered some men of the squad. Then I thought they were crusaders, and that the Russell House

RELIGIOUS.

There will be services at the Episcopal Church this morning (St. Andrew's Day) at 10:30 A. M.

The first quarterly meeting for the Richmond and Providence work will be held Saturday and Sunday, December 3rd and 4th. All are invited. 1 r. M. Evans is expected.

The Baptist Church at Flatwoods, called on Saturday last Elder Harding to preach for the year, 1888. He has been preaching for 20 years and for 17 years he has preached once a month at this church. He has also been called to preach at Union City for the ensuing year. He has preached at that place for seven or eight years.

The Baptist Church at Flatwoods, called on Saturday last Elder Harding to preach for the year, 1888. He has been preaching for 20 years and for 17 years he has preached once a month at this church. He has also been called to preach at Union City for the ensuing year. He has preached at that place for seven or eight years.

CONCERNING FARMERS.

Tobacco is moving off rapidly in Woodbury county, at 14 and 15 cents.

An apple tree in full bloom in the orchard of Mr. John M. McRoberts, Jr., at Danville is a freak of nature that is surprising the natives.

Wash Gay, of Winchester, had three miles killed, and two more crippled, by a freight train on the Kentucky Central a few nights ago. Damages about \$650.

LEXINGTON COURT-DAY.—Fifty broke mules sold at \$50 to \$125. Good horses at \$80 to \$125. Common horses sold at good prices. Trade active and a good crowd in attendance.

At Pat Fallon's sale in Bourbon county, horses sold at \$50 to \$145; cows \$30 to \$41; hogs \$4.71 per hundred; corn \$261 per barrel in crib; oats 41 cents per dozen. Farming utensils and furniture sold well.

R. L. Cummins delivered to Stephen Gano last week, 62 fat cattle averaging 1,639 lbs. at 42. Mr. Kratz bought for Lehman Bros., Baltimore, fat cattle from the following: C. M. Clay, Jr., 100 at 41; Samuel Clay, 25 at 41. Moses Kahn bought for Goldsmith's, Frank Champ, 25 at 41; Bedford & Kennedy, 33 at 41; Brie Steele 30 at 32.—Paris News.

It is estimated that there is only about 25,000 hds. of Burley tobacco in stock at Cincinnati and Louisville.

The Burley crop of 1888 is estimated at 30,000 hds., against 95,000 in 1886. Thus it will be seen that there is a universal shortage, and all holders of the 1887 crop have to do is to roll it away and demand a big price. They must have it, and you can get your own price.

The sale of thoroughbreds by Mr. Wm. Eastin, at Lexington, was quite successful. The imported stock sold well. Ten imported thoroughbreds brought \$22,575. Sixty-eight head of stock brought \$25,680, an average of \$361.55. The highest price was paid for the imported stallion Flossington, by Doncaster, dapp. Bay, 2 years old. The bidding for him was spirited, Mr. F. B. Harper, the owner of Longfellow, finally becoming the purchaser at \$12,500.

A lamp has more sense than some people. It is in a room where there are two souls with but a married thought it invariably goes out.—Yonkers Statesman.

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Also the following property of David McCord: One aged combined harness and saddle mule, a good Rockaway Horse, a two-year-old Broke Mule, and one extra Yearling Mule. Good Stock Scales and Pendulum Bell.

Tarms easy and made known on day of sale.

R. P. McCORD. JOHN McCORD.

Syrap of Figs

Is the delightful liquid laxative, and the only true remedy for habitual constipation and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is a pleasant remedy to take, both to old and young; it is gentle in its action and affective; it is acceptable to the stomach, and strengthens the organs on which it acts. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by Stockton & Willis.

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Mr. Orin Archer read a very interesting paper on "The raising of stock and the proper care of the same during the winter season." Owing to the lateness of the hour, further discussion was deferred, and it was decided to consider the same topics.—The raising and care of stock, the culture and care of fruit trees, at the next regular meeting of the Society, which will be held on the first Saturday in January. The Constitution provides for monthly meetings for the various topics pertaining to agriculture, for a quarterly meeting, when there will be a general entertainment, and for an annual fair during the first week in October, with several novel features, among which is an annual address upon agriculture, a dinner, &c. In the permanent organization the following officers were elected: President, I. H. Gerry; Vice-President, E. D. Mitchell; Secretary, Dr. Hostetter; Treasurer, A. C. Hart. A goodly number joined the Society, and an considerable enthusiasm was manifested during the meeting.

As I came out with Mr. Smith, I saw several strange-looking men wearing red uniforms, and I thought they were perhaps Emerson police, and that they were right after me. I was about to escape to Fort Penitentiary, and only the strong arm of Uncle Sam, but I discovered some men of the squad. Then I thought they were crusaders, and that the Russell House

Faded Print

Down They Go!

UNTIL JANUARY 1st, 1888.

AND THEY MUST FIND A BUYER.

My Stock of Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c., must all be closed out.

Also a No. 1 STOCK OF PIECE GOODS to be sold in the piece or will make up for you. No more goods to be sold for glory, but will sell them for less than manufacturer's prices. Be sure and call in time.

sep28t.

Armer has an elegant stock of watches, clocks and jewelry.

The finger that points with pride is encircled by a diamond ring.—Boston Transcript.

Armer is giving some nice bargains.

Go and see his fine stock.

They also have vegetable tailow in Australia. There's no place to laugh and grow fat.—Texas Siftings.

Knox Hats \$3.75.

I have three dozen genuine Kuox hats of the latest English styles which I am selling at \$3.

THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPTON, W. G. WHITE.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

I TOLD MY LOVE.

I told my love to the evening star,
It did not change its beaming;
To me to the moon on silver car,
She did not dream.

I told my love to the tiny star,
It blushed not at my story;
I might as well have told my tale
To the oak, so grim and hoary.

I told my love to the crimson rose,
She thought me silly, I suppose,
But not a word she'd stir.I turned from them all with heavy heart,
Wearied of such vagary
And went at last to sober part—
I've got my love to Mars.Soon star and flower went from me,
The sky grew strangely brighter;
She whispered a little word, and then
My heart at once was lighter.—W. G. W., in *Journalist*.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

The Story of a Negro's Escape
From Death.

He Was Hanged in Arkansas, But Afterwards Turned Up Alive in Massachusetts—His Own Story of D'

Experiences.

It will be remembered by many people of the State that about three years ago a negro was hanged at Lonoke, this State. Afterwards it was published that the negro had come to life, which announcement created considerable excitement among the people in the vicinity of the place where the hanging occurred. A few days ago this same negro showed up in Worcester, Mass., with a crooked neck, as will be seen by the following account, which is taken from the *Worcester (Mass.) Telegram*. It says:

Yesterday a negro-colored man was taken ill on the Commons, and would have fallen but for the timely assistance of two bystanders. The man had been wandering about the Commons since morning, and had been noticed on account of the peculiar way in which he carried his head. It hung toward his right shoulder, and he seemed to take no pains to pull it into the position in which people commonly carry their heads. He was respectively dressed in clothes that had evidently been made for him, and his hair was broken, so it had walked a considerable distance.

When he had been assisted to a seat he fainted, and when he regained consciousness he clutched at his throat, tore away his collar, and said appealingly: "No! no! My God! Not again!" His embarrassment when he looked about him was marked. One of the gentlemen who had assisted him to a seat left when the colored man had recovered, but the other remained and questioned him as soon as he had recovered his composure.

He did not stay in Worcester, he said, as he had been compelled to before. He had walked in from New Haven, begging shelter and food as he went, and had only got to this city in the early morning. He had no friends and he said he was not able to work. The man seemed frightened by his faintness and weak, and the humane person who had remained by his side took him to a restaurant and saw him properly fed. It was in a burst of gratitude that the colored man then told a tale so utterly marvelous as to be utterly unworthy of credence were it not corroborated by known facts.

It was sitting in the Commons after he had dined that he said: "I have had trouble with my neck and been subject to fainting spells ever since I was hanged in Arkansas."

The expression was startling enough to the onlookers, but the man was crazy, but as he was circumstantial to details of time and place, and it is a well-known fact that a negro was legally hanged three years ago in Arkansas for assault on a white woman and afterwards recovered consciousness.

The case attracted much attention at the time. As published then, the negro was suspended for twenty minutes after the old fashioned platform gallows failed, and he was given by the sheriff to the fates of the common man, who, with some friends, was waiting near by with a wagon. It was the intention to take him to the settlement where he formerly lived, and bury him there. This settlement was fourteen miles from the county seat, and was a lonely piece of country. When the wagon was nearly at home the father of the supposed corpse and his friends were startled by groans coming from under the canvas thrown over the supposed dead, and his struggles to get from under it. As soon as they had recovered from their fright they went back to the wagon, from which they had fled, and helped the legally dead man up, gave him a drink from the omnipresent jug of whisky and took him home. Instead of leaving the settlement at once, the hangman stayed around his home, and the superstitious colored people demanded that the negro be hanged again, and the completion of the hanging. The case was taken to the Governor, and, pending discussion as to the right of the authorities to take cognizance of the existence of a convict who had been pronounced legally dead, the man fled and has been a wanderer ever since.

The story of the negro coincided with the case as recalled, and there was no doubt that he was really the Arkansas culprit.

It was only after repeated urging, sweetened with promises of help to leave the city in comfort, that he told the story in the dialect of a Southern field hand, somewhat tempered by residence in the North. Divested of its quaint dialect his tale is weirdly and, perhaps, morbidly interesting.

"I was locked up," he said, "more than six months, but I never thought I was going to be hanged under the night before. Then I knew the gallows was up and I got scared. They prayed with me all the time and tried to keep me from thinking of it, but I didn't hear what they prayed about. I was too excited. I didn't go to sleep all the night before, and when they came to fetch me I was so weak I couldn't stand up. They gave me a drink, which I took and then I lay myself behind my back and took me along. I knew there were crowds around when I went to the gallows, but I didn't seem to see them. I heard somebody singing and I joined in. Then they pushed me up on the gallows and I saw the rope and got scared again, and tried to hang back, but they pushed me along and made me stand up straight. I recollect their putting the noose around my neck and drawing it up tight, but I was tired of it and I was going to hang me when all at once I dropped. I had shut my eyes when they pulled a piece of cloth over my face, but I opened them then and tried to get my hand up to tear the cloth off so I could see, but all at once I thought some one hit me a terrible blow on the head and I lost my senses. When I woke up I thought some one was choking me and tried to get loose, but I couldn't. Then it seemed as

FRIGHTFUL EXECUTION.

The Awful Death of a Chinese Criminal.

China has always been famed for its tortures of which the pulling out of nails, beating on the face with a stiff piece of leather till the features are indistinguishable, suspending by the thumbs and toes, or starving to death in a cage, are among the mildest. Many, of course, are quite unfit for public description, and "Lang-Chi" is possibly not the least abominable and most painful of all. It is however only inflicted in very heinous cases, such as the murder of a blood relation. The condemned man in this instance poisoned his sister.

The execution was fixed to take place at ten o'clock, and by 9:30 we had arrived at the scene of action—a sort of narrow lane, about eighty yards long, formed by two rows of pottery sheds, and terminating at one end by a pair of massive wooden doors, the other by a high white-washed wall—a *cul-de-sac*. A huge iron cross was erected close under this wall.

Having taken up our station on one of the roofs, at a distance of about fifty feet from the cross, we had not long to wait before the Mandarin—the official deputed to superintend the carrying out the sentence—arrived.

He was preceded by about a dozen soldiers armed with rattan canes, which they held about their heads to prevent the spectators from which they became feverish and very much disordered with respect to yield of milk, and condition of udders, and many lambs were lost. If he had a fill of grain per day will be enough, but with straw twice as much should be given.

3. Sheep naturally drink a little and often, and an abundance of good clean water should be always accessible to them in their fold—none of the good uses to which a wind-mill may be put. It may be better even to give them no water and let them eat snow than to let them get very thirsty and drink large quantities of cold water at once; scours may result from such chilling of the stomach.

4. It does not pay to expose sheep to cold winds and storms, nor to force them to lie on the snow so that their wool becomes wetted, nor, on the other hand, to let them get so fat that they can not get rid of it. W.

5. Sheep should be shorn before they are turned out on the snow so that their wool becomes wetted, and to produce feeble lambs. With an abundant supply of roots they do better in confinement. My sheep winter in a large shed, with windows all around it to let the sunlight, with an undrained earth floor, and ample water supply and feeding racks; every pleasant day they are turned into the barnyard for exercise.

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THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPTON, WM. G. WHITE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

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She needed not my dreams.I told my love to the lily pale,
It did not change its hue;I might as well have told my tale,
To the oak, so grim and hoary.I told my love to the crimson rose,
It pouted not in futility;She whispered a little, and then
My heart at once was lighter.—*Wm. G. White, Journalist.*

CAN IT BE TRUE?

The Story of a Negro's Escape
From Death.He Was Hanged in Arkansas, But After-
wards Turned Up Alive in Massachusetts—
His Own Story of 'U'
Experiences.

It will be remembered by many people of the State that about three years ago a negro was hanged at Little Rock, this State. Afterwards it was published that the negro had come to life, which announcement created considerable excitement among the people in the vicinity of the place where the hanging occurred. A few days ago this same negro showed up in Worcester, Mass., with a crooked neck, as will be seen by the following account, which is taken from the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram. It says:

Yesterday afternoon a colored man was taken ill on the Commons, and would have fallen but for the timely assistance of a number of persons. The man had been wandering about the Commons since morning, and had been noticed on account of the peculiar way in which he carried his head. It hung toward his right shoulder, and he seemed to take no pains to pull it into the position in which people commonly carry their heads. He was respectably dressed, clothes that had evidently not been made for him, and his boots looked as if he had walked miles in them.

When he had been assisted to a seat he fainted, and when he regained consciousness he clutched at his throat, tore away his collar and said appealingly: "No, no! My God! Not again!" His embarrassment when he looked about him was marked. One of the gentlemen who had assisted him to a seat left when the colored man had recovered, but the other remained and questioned him as soon as he had recovered his composure.

He did not belong in Worcester, he said, and had been there only a short time. He had walked from New Haven, begging shelter and food as he went, and had only got to this city in the early morning. He had no friends and he said he was not able to work. The man seemed flattered by his kindness and weak, and the humane person who had remained by his side took him to a restaurant and saw him properly fed. It was in a burst of gratitude and confidence at being so well treated that the colored man had labored so utterly marvelous as to be utterly unworthy of credence were it not corroborated by known facts.

It was sitting in the Common after he had dined that he said: "I have had trouble with my neck and been subject to fainting spells ever since I was hanged in Arkansas."

The expression was startling enough to make any one think the man was crazy, and as he was circumstantial as to details of time and place, and it was well known that he had been legally hanged three years ago in Arkansas for assault on a white woman and afterwards recovered consciousness.

The case attracted much attention at the time. As published then, the negro was suspended for twenty minutes after the old fashioned platform gallows fell, and the body was given by the side of the fatal post to the young man, who, with some friends, was waiting near by with a wagon. It was the intention to take him to the settlement where he formerly lived, and bury him there. This settlement was fourteen miles from the county seat, and was a lonely piece of country. When the wagon was nearly at home the father of the supposed corpse and his friends were startled by a groan from under the tarpaulin thrown over the dead man, and his struggles to get free from under the covers. As soon as they had recovered from their fright they went back to the wagon, from which they had fled, and helped the legally dead man up, gave him a drink from the omnipresent jug of whisky and took him home. Instead of leaving the settlement at once, the hanged man stayed around his old home, and the superstitious colored people demanded his nearest and the compilation of the "hanging." They took him to the Common, and, pending discussion as to the right of the authorities to take cognizance of the existence of a convict who had been pronounced legally dead, the man fled and had been a wanderer ever since.

The story of the negro coincided with the case as recalled, and there was no doubt to doubt that he was really an Arkansas man.

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"I was locked up," he said, "more than six months, but I never thought I was going to be changed until the night I got out. Then I knew the gallows was up and I got scared. They prayed with me all the time and tried to keep me from thinking of it, but I didn't hear what they prayed about. I was too excited, I didn't go to sleep all the night before, and when they came to fetch me I was so weak I couldn't stand up. The sheriff gave me a drink of whisky and then lied myself back to bed, and I went to sleep. I know there were crowds around when I went to the gallows, but I didn't seem to see them. I heard somebody singing and I joined in. Then they pushed me up on the gallows and I saw the rope and got scared again, and tried to hang back, but they pulled me along and made me stand up straight. I recollect their putting the noose on my neck and drawing it up tight, but I was thinking of the gallows, and I had shut my eyes when they pulled a piece of cloth over my face, but I opened them then and tried to get my hand up to tear the cloth off so I could see, but all at once I thought some one hit me a terrible blow in the head and I lost my sense. When I woke up I thought some one was shooting me and tried to get loose, but I wouldn't. Then it seemed as

if my head was bursting, and I saw awful lights before my eyes and my feet and hands seemed to be so heavy I couldn't stir them. Then great rings of all sorts of bright colors, began at my eyes and went further and further off, growing bigger and fainter until I lost them. My head felt prickly all over, and so did my hands and feet, and I couldn't breathe, and then I fainted. Once I knew I was being hanged, but it was only for a second. "When I awoke I found the wagon I was worse than when before I had got out from under the tarpaulin I thought I had been dreaming. Then when my neck got to hurting me so I knew what was the matter. For weeks afterward I could hardly swallow, and I couldn't turn my head, and I wasn't very much. The cords are all stiff on one side and drawn down."

The man told his story, but when I asked him of a certain place, fashion, but when I asked him of a certain place, he said, "I can never see or hear of my friends again. They were going to catch me and do it over again, so I ran away. I've been knocking around ever since, principally in Canada, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, and now I thought I'd come up here where I might get some light work to do."

The man didn't seem to be the brute he must have been, and in fact, he had the appearance of ordinary intelligence, and I asked him if he had done little work in his wanderings, and he had begged both food and clothing.

"Sometimes," he said, "I have wished that I had never come to life again. That's been when I've been nearly frozen and starved. I never go near colored people for it was my own color that tried to have me hanged over, and I hate a black face." Asked if he wasn't afraid of being arrested for old sins, he said: "No, boss; I don't think they'll ever look for me as long as I stay away from there, and I'll never go back to Arkansas." —*Hot Springs News.*

THE CRITIC'S LIFE.

While It May Be Very Useful, It Is Certainly Not a Pleasant One.

There are some people in whom the critical faculty is more highly developed than almost any other. They are always on the alert to see the defects and weaknesses in every thing before the beauties, and they make haste to point them out.

They like to find fault with critics; they are afraid to praise lest they should seem to be too easily pleased, and not cultured enough to perceive shortcomings. They do not confine themselves to the criticism of public measures of literature and art; their neatest and most effective work is inspired by the manners and appearances of those whom they meet, their friends, their neighbors, their guests. They are, perhaps, most unprofitable critics, and might become satisfied with our status, and make no further effort to improve.

The executioner, who made his appearance, carrying wrapped in a piece of striped cloth a bundle of swords and knives, which with the utmost coolness and precision, laid upon the ground under the very nose of his victim. He then seized a knife, a terrible broad-bladed weapon, about ten inches long, and bared his arms to the elbow. All was now ready. An inquiring look toward the Mandarin (who sat in his sedan chair immediately under us), an affirmative nod, and the executioner, who was to be the first to strike, stripped naked and placed against the cross.

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FRIGHTFUL EXECUTION.

The Awful Death of a Chinese Criminal Described by an Eye-Witness.

China has always been famed for its tortures, which are said to consist of piecing the body with a stiff nail, beating on the face with a stiff nail, and so on, so that the features are indistinguishable, suspending by the thumbs and toes, or starving to death in a cage, are among the mildest. Many, of course, are quite unfit for public description, and "Ling-Chi" is possibly not the least abominable and revolting. It is, however, only inflicted in very heinous cases, such as the sky grew strangely brighter; she whispered a little, and then My heart at once was lighter.

—*Wm. G. White, Journalist.*

on the weak side so as to leave the healthy part of the body, and is well to use the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines, and the weight of the stomach does not compress the upper portion of the intestines.

A glance at any of the visceral anatomy will show this must be. Many persons are dead in one ear and prefer to lie in a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be given, because it is the side which injures its quality. Only a few kernels of grain should be given at first, and more gradually up to about a gill a day at the end of two weeks. Sheep are dainty and will neither eat dirty food nor drink foul water. Give them clean bright straw rather than musty hay and straw that they scatter under foot if raked up every day will be eaten by other animals, and thus saved.

2. A mixture of two-thirds oats and

one-third barley, and some bran, and

one-half turnips.

3. Sheep naturally drink a little and

often, and an abundant supply of good

water should be always accessible

to them in their pens.

4. Sheep are very fond of

turnips, and turnips should be given

in small quantities.

5. Sheep should be given

one-half turnips, and

one-half grain.

6. Sheep should be given

one-half grain, and

one-half turnips.

7. Sheep should be given

one-half grain, and

one-half turnips.

8. Sheep should be given

one-half grain, and

one-half turnips.

9. Sheep should be given

one-half grain, and

one-half turnips.

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one-half turnips.

11. Sheep should be given

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one-half turnips.

12. Sheep should be given

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one-half turnips.

13. Sheep should be given

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14. Sheep should be given

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15. Sheep should be given

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